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cause, which has prevented the marriage being definitely settled. You must not stand between me and the projects I have formed for strengthening the house of De Lima. You must give me your word that you will never more solicit the love of Doña Agnes, or address her in any other language than that which you would use toward Doña Isabella. You comprehend the alternative?"

"Yes, senhor, and I cannot give you the pledge you demand. I cannot in an hour cast away the love of years. I cannot, if I would, release myself with honor from that devotion which my lady's merits justly claim"—

"I release you, and that is enough," broke out Don Fuas. "We part, then, here and forever. And I warn you not to defy the will of a De Lima."

The dead man's armor had crushed all pity out of the heart of Don Fuas—all hope out of the heart of Francisco; it was destined to crush all joy and gladness out of the heart of Agnes for many long and dreary years.

(To be continued.)

WHAT SHALL WE NAME THE BABY?

WHAT shall we name the baby? This is the important question that interferes with papa's study of his newspaper. Long before the baby's birth, the baby's mother, whose privilege it is now-a-days to name the baby, ponders over that point of its future career. And very wisely—for before a body can have a career it must be distinguished from other bodies by a name. Mamma, however has not always enjoyed the right of naming the baby. This office with other rights, is the gift of time to her—it has grown into favor with papa's right to read the newspaper.

Among Orientals the Hindoos prescribed that the father alone should solemnly name a child, and then only male children. A Greek in old times had but one name, generally the name of his grandfather; he received this at the hands of the father. Roman children were named in a like manner. With the Roman people, however, there arose a fashion for several names, one that grew out of family pride, civic honors and the privileges of Roman citizenship. Family names seem to have originated with the Romans, indicating, among other things, woman's social influence in the mingling of the maternal family name with that of the paternal branch.

Women generally in ancient times had to grow up to their names. The Greeks were not gallant, for besides formally prohibiting women from

naming children they suffered women only to be known by the father's name; they were rarely called by *any* name outside the parental or marital domicile. The Romans improved on this regulation. When a woman received a name—what we call a baptismal name—she got it at the time of her marriage. We cannot say whether women actually wrote their names, but it was ordained that when they were written they should always be written backward—just as if in our days we should require women to write their names in italics. The daughter of Terentius had to subscribe herself *Terentia*, (a being the feminine termination,) instead of using ordinary Roman characters. If Terentius rejoiced in two daughters, the elder was called "major," and the younger "minor;" and if there were a third she was known as *Terentia tertia*, in other words Miss Terentius number three. When the lovely and gentle guardians of the Roman household first came to be distinguished one from another, and finally like men to possess a *prænomen*, and to share the privilege with them of transmitting by a name the maternal as well as paternal glory of the house, we may accept the fact as a further sign of social progress. Some curious female may ask: How did Roman women acquire the right? We would simply suggest two modes. Perhaps the Roman husband, in recognition of a wife's gentleness, goodness and dignity, conferred on her the privilege of naming children out of affection, and to show a manly sense of the wife's equality. Perhaps the lady acquired the right by conquest; *Terentia* may have proceeded, at the end of a domestic struggle with Terentius, to her intimate friend *Camilla*, and have announced that on and after said date the said *Terentia's* daughter *major* would be known as *Julia Terentius*, and *Terentia minor* as *Volumnia Terentius* all previous regulations to the contrary notwithstanding. And furthermore she would advise her friend *Camilla* to assume the right of naming her children in spite of *Camillus*, for it was time to show the world that Roman women had equal rights with the men, and ability to maintain them.

Leaving historical doubts of this kind for those who are interested in them, we proceed to better verified statements. With almost all modern civilized nations, family names—surnames—remained unknown up to the eleventh century. Some say their invention, or rather resurrection, is due to the Chinese, among whom a fixed family name has ever existed and always that of the paternal line. Others say that a combination of names arose when the pressure of society re-

quired the distinguishing of persons; surnames and prefixes were then due to place, occupation and personal characteristics. The latter is the natural cause without seeking for one suggested by Chinese civilization. So far as we Yankees are concerned, we must go to England and continental sources for our names, the only original names we possess being vile corruptions and translations of French, German, Spanish and Italian names. A mention of a few current English surnames indicates the origin of names everywhere. There are Archers, Coopers, Harpers, Taylors, Smiths, Chaucers (hosiers), Barbers, Drapers, Napiers, Falconers, symbolizing occupations; and Hill, Glen, Craig, Wood and Forrest descriptive of localities. Sobriquets have arisen to the dignity of surnames in the way Mr. Crowder got his name, who is represented as one who "played on the *crowd*," doubtless a clever political demagogue. How there could be a warrant for the assumption of the names of Pope, King, Lord, Earl, Bishop, Priest and Monk, considering the known conditions of the transmission of these titles, we cannot tell; such names could not arise in a democratic country. The formation of names by translation is illustrated by the way English names are frequently changed into continental vernaculars. We suppose that Mr. Loop would scarcely respond to an anglicized *valet de place* if addressed as Mr. *Wolf*; nor would Mr. Godwin reply, unless he were an excellent German scholar, should he be addressed as Mr. *Wein-Gott*. Many continental surnames transferred to our idiom are sadly used; *De la Roche* and *De la Rue* certainly gain nothing by conversion into Rock and Street. *Jesus* and *Jesus Maria* would not be tolerated; a German *Herr-gott* would surely rest undisturbed, and if a French Colonel *Dieu* were to present himself to strengthen our military staff, his name, if he did anything, would probably be gazetted as the brave Colonel *Doo*.

But a study of surnames historically is of little import to the question, What shall we name the baby? Let us see how this question is generally answered. In modern times various influences affect the baptismal name. In Poland, after the introduction of Christianity, all the men were baptized Peter or Paul, and all the women Margaret or Catherine. The Italians seem to take few church names, although that country is (or was, we suppose we ought to say), the seat of church government. Roman history and mythologic sources are more frequently resorted to by the Italians. Hercules, Orpheus and Cæsar are commoner than Ambrose, Augustin or any other

saintly name on the calendar. The poets furnish them the most names, such as Tancred, Godfrey, Clorinde, Beatrice and Laura. England, whirling round in a hereditary circle, prefers names because they are old and their own. France, the country of ideas, selects its names in the world of sentiment. In America the baptismal name is, if our observation be extensive enough, an arbitrary one and the gift of the mother entirely. Papa is too busy to attend to such matters. The next thought is what influences the mother in the bestowal of a baptismal name. Who can tell? Should there have been a maternal ancestor on board the Mayflower or at the battle of Bunker Hill, or one who meant to have been there, the matter is soon disposed of. If these germinating points of national pride are not in her endowment, she resorts to her husband's ancestral tree. This failing, she recurs to some rich bachelor uncle or brother yet living on either side. She may perhaps be pious, a Catholic, a Protestant, or, as is apt to be the case here, decidedly metaphysical—she then selects for a name that of the saint of her child's birthday, one of the Hebrew characters, or from a list of the abstract virtues as the case may be. If her tastes have been literary (which are apt to recede at the approach of children) she may perhaps preserve a souvenir of a favorite character in a romance—especially if her husband falls below its sentimental standard; or finally she may be prompted by the affections, and in spite of religious, ancestral, historic or romantic proclivities, think that name the most beautiful which is borne by her child's father and her own husband.

Whatever influences prevail with the mother as respects the naming of the baby, there is one that has not sufficient weight with her: the artistic principle of sound. We do not mean to say that a mother should name her child Apelles, Michael Angelo or Raffaele, or after the painter of the last "sublime portrayal of God's heavens," but that with a prescience of her son's cultivated taste she should study the music of his name as a vocal utterance. Children, when they grow up, are not inclined to endure maternal tastes founded on conceits. Many a man who owes his baptismal appendage to biblic, patriotic or romantic notions, wishes his name had been left to his own selection. Think of the discontented Sauls, Moses, Levis, Aarons and Jeremiahs; of the non-fighting Alexanders, Wellingtons and Jacksons, of the prosaic Thaddeuses, Rolandos, Fitzclarences and Franciscos. What contrasts between the real and the ideal a man's name may suggest! Sound is—we assert it dogmatically—

the law of naming the baby. All sorts of surnames may be rendered euphonic by a proper study of the gamut of sounds. The name Smith, to a musical ear, may form the root of a harmonic chord. John Smith is like the vibration of two slack piano strings—John Hosford Smith comes out in tuneful harmony. Monosyllabic surnames always require polysyllabic baptismal names. How much more pleasing Inigo Jones sounds than John Jones, Luke Jones, or Giles Jones. Sometimes monosyllabic given names are effective, such as Max and Paul, but rarely. A polysyllabic name may be too long, as Maximilian prefixed to Smith; it would sound much better if given to Robinson.

Whatever principles may dictate the gift of a name, there is another law we would enforce under severe penalties; Every child entering this world of democratic confusion should bear a middle name. Dear reader, if you be a mother and have not given your child two names, correct the mistake at once! Dear reader, if you be a minor and have faith in our experience, assume one immediately without asking permission of anybody. If you don't, friend minor, when you get to be a major—unless you figure in the army—you will find your double without inquiring for him. You may perhaps encounter judgments against you in courts, and certainly gossiping judgments in society, which are not the result of a fair trial of your personality. It is not worth while to mention the letters opened by your nominal counterpart and returned indorsed as not for recipient number one. How could he discover that without reading them? And then the letters transmitting money which you never get and never hear of until a twice-dunned debtor "blows you up," for disturbing him the second time. Think of somebody surreptitiously getting possession of your heart's secrets! Imagine yourself walking Broadway, major, and fancying some bearded man as he passes you, greeting you with a confidential smile, the import of which "strikes terror to your soul!" Take a dozen names, major, in spite of your parents or guardians, and sign them all to every love letter you write, rather than encounter such a moral *douche* as that!

And now, having philosophized on the name of the baby lord of creation, what shall we say for that of the lady lord? Not much. Ladies generally are so anxious to get rid of one name, the only name that troubles them is the family name. For the baptismal name we can furnish no better hint than one set down in Hindoo law, and which no modern law can improve, whatever it may do

for the Hindoo code in other respects. It is substantially this: "Let the name of the woman be one that can be spoken easily—mild, sweet, befitting and agreeable; let it terminate with long vowels and fall on the ear like the utterance of a benediction."

ON ÆSTHETICS IN ARCHITECTURE.

I.

A paper by LEOPOLD EIDLITZ, read before the American Institute of Architects.

ÆSTHETICS is the science of the Beautiful in the (fine) Arts—a science which teaches:

- 1st. A well-ordered appreciation of the beauties of nature.
- 2d. The logical application of those beauties to works of art.

But what is *Art*, and what are *Fine Arts*?

The term *Art*, in its largest sense, is used to designate the productions and efforts of men, in contradistinction to those of nature. Thus we speak of the art of building houses, ships, and railroads, the art of manufacturing tools, metals, and all sorts of fabrics. We speak of the art of riding, swimming, fighting, or the art of printing and paper-making. Those engaged in producing as above described, are called artisans, meaning men engaged in producing useful objects that are not found ready made in nature.

Art, in the sense we propose to consider it, is the effort of men to display objects of nature, or to produce objects not contained in nature, which shall be imbued with beauty the same as natural objects, and also with a degree of expression observable in nature's works. This latter meaning of the term art has been more expressly designated as *Fine Art*.

A desire for the beautiful is natural to, and an integral part of the mind of man. No one in the enjoyment of perfect physical development is without it. But it exists (from causes to be hereafter enumerated) mostly in either a crude or a perverted state. Its *existence*, however, must appear beyond a doubt when we consider that the value of human productions in the direction of the beautiful far exceeds the production of mere necessities. It is consequently true that no effort at production is without an accompanying effort at beauty.

But yet we term those efforts *Fine Art* only when made the avowed and single purpose of our exertion. Not the coarsest tool, such as a sledgehammer, a crowbar, an axe, a common truck, a wheelbarrow, is made without an aim at beauty of form, of symmetry, of evenness, or harmonious